



Exciting... Amazing News from Alton Laboratories to All Sufferers of

PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and Other Externally caused Skin Blemishes

NO OTHER MEDICATED SKIN FORMULA* CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT:

Only Alton Medicated Skin Formula #38 Will Cover The Entire Face... or Large Areas of Skin... Uniformly —Blending With Your Own Complexion To Hide All Skin Blemishes... While It Works!

It's astounding...this new, revolutionary Formula which we believe makes all other skin preparations out-of-date! It's almost a miracle how quickly and easily the entire face, if necessary, can be smoothly cov-

ered. Alton has a life-like skin color; blends beautifully,

applies like a dream. Alton is ideal as a medication base under make-up, too. You can look your best (Alton whisks

skin blemishes out of sight) yet know that at the same

time Alton is working. Combines active ingredients used

by many leading skin specialists. Not greasy, has a pleasant

scent, and is absolutely harmless. Remains intact until you wish to remove it. It's also water-repellent. In every

way, Alton is the modern skin preparation, developed to answer the needs of those who care—and to answer them smartly, intelligently, and economically.

Special Note to GIRLS & WOMEN

Embarrassed by "periodic" pimples? You'll find Alton is a friend to your face during these trying times.

In addition to Alton Medicated Skin Formula #38, you also get the Special Skin Cleanser. Together, this Double-Action Combination enables you to attack your externally caused skin problems with all the knowledge medical science can place at your command.

Now, while the memory of prying eyes deepens your misery, resolve to do something about your skin worries. Send for the Alton Skin Combination today! There's no risk — you must be thrilled and delighted, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Physicians & Hospitals desiring to make clinical tests will receive our complete cooperation.

Please write at once.





"To the best of our present knowledge.

Boys . . . Girls . . . Men & Women . . .

No matter your age... no matter your sex, the good things that make a full life are your heritage. Don't let them slip away because you did nothing about your blemished skin. Save your present — and your future... send today for Alton's Medicated Skin Formula #38 and Special Skin Cleanser. You will be grateful you did!

Try ALTON at our risk!

Skeptical? Wonder whether Alton can really do the job? That's a healthy attitude, and we welcome the chance to show you, at no risk to you. Yes, if you're not delighted in every way in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we refund not only the price you paid but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You have the chance to find skir happiness—and we take all the risk!

D	L	nou	016	DECIMA	COUPON
MUS.	n L	, www.	DLE	KELLIND	LUURUN

Altan Laboratories, Inc., Dept. S-301 363 Central Park Ave., Yankers, N. Y

Rush, in plain wropper, Alton Skin Combination consisting of Medicated Skin Formula 238, and Special Skin Cleanser. I will pay postman just 2 plus postage. If not delighted, may return unused partien within 10 days far refund of DOUBLE MY PURCHASE PRICE.

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HARR

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

in "THE SIEGE OF COFFIN ISLAND"

COFFIN ISLAND IS A SMALL RIVER ISLE LYING IN A SANDY BED 75 YARDS FROM EACH SHORE! THE RIVER HAS A COFFIN SHAPE! HENCE ITS NAME! DURING ONE OF THE MOST HORRIFYING SIEGES IN WESTERN HISTORY, THIS SANDY ISLAND THREATENED TO DO MORE THAN LIVE UP TO ITS NAME! IT PROMISED TO BECOME A BURIAL GROUND FOR A COURAGEOUS BAND OF FRONTIERSMEN WHO WERE OUTNUMBERED TWENTY TO ONE BY AN ARMY OF APACHE CUTTHROATS!

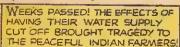


IT IS 1874...A RAILROAD IS BEING BUILT INTO APACHE TERRITORY AND A GANG OF GRADERS HAG JUMPED THE SPRING WATER BELONGING TO THE PEACEFUL TRIBE! A FEW FRIENDLY BRAVES COME TO REASON WITH THE WORKERS...





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OUR SHEEP DIE .. BUT THIRST! THESE THEY CARE RAILROAD MEN NOT IF WE THEY COULD HAVE LIVE OR BUILT THEIR TRACKS MUST ACROSS LANO! ACT!

MY BROTHER, BROWN DOE, AND WILL SPEAK TO THE PALEFACES! SURELY, THEY WILL LISTEN TO THE SONS OF CHIEF GREAT

THEY MAY, BIG BUFFALO, BUT THEY AN-WITH BULLETS! CHIEF ARIKAREE IS RIGHT! THE PALEFACE WANT WAR



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

SILENCE! DO NOT MENTION ARIKAREE'S NAME! HE LIVES ONLY TO DESTROY AND MURDER!

BUT ARIKA-THEN WE REE SPEAKS SHALL THE TRUTH! FIGHT THE PALE FACES WOULD STEALTHE VERY LAND FROM UNDER OUR

FEET!

BACK BUT NOT UNDER ARIKA REE'S BLOODY BANNER SPEAK NO MORE OF WAR TILL WE HAVE SPOKEN TO PALE FACES!



THAT NIGHT AT THE RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION CAMP.













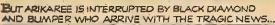




MEANWHILE, AT CHIEF GREAT CROWS VILLAGE. ARIKAREE IS GOING ABOUT HIS EVIL WAYS...

YOU WASTE YOUR THEY WILL COM-BREATH, ARIKAREE! I) PLAIN TO THE WILL NOT LISTEN TO PALEFACES WITH-SPEECHES OF DEATH OUT AVAIL! THE AND WAR! EVEN NOW REDMAN'S ONLY MY SONS TALK PEACE CHANCE IS TO WITH THE PALEFACES! FIGHT THE WHITE

























WE'LL GET PROOF!JORGAN MEANWHILE, I'M WARNING YOU TO STOP ABUSING THE APACHES! I WON'T WARN YOU A SECOND TIME!

YOU'RE MIGHTY BRAVE BEHIND THAT GUN AREN'T YA? ANO I'LL SHOVE YOUR WARNINGS DOWN YOUR THROAT!









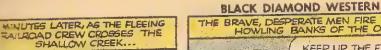
MINUTES LATER... AS JORGAN'S MEN REVIVE HIM...



THAT NIGHT, AFTER JORGAN'S MEN DO A JOB WITH SOME MYSTERIOUS BAGS AND PACKAGES ...







S LATE SUMMER EN THE RIVER SED IS DRIED OUT
VOTEAD OF SPRING
WHEN IT'S A
TORRENT THAT
COVERS THE ELAND!

WE'RE NO BETTER OFF WITH THIS PACK OF APACHES COMING AT US! START PRAYING, MEN! WE NEED MORE THAN BULLETS





Suddenly, as screams of Rage Leap from a Hundred Throats The Apaches Break and Run!

NOT BY A LONG SHOT, BUMPER! THEY'RE JUST GIVING LIP WE DID IT DIRECT ASSAULT!



I'LL BET THEY'LL TRY TO STARVE
US OUT! THERE'S NO FOOD ON
THIS ISLAND! THE WATER WILL
POISON US! WE CAN'T LAST
MORE THAN A FEW DAYS!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT...
BUT WE MUST WAIT
EFOO THAT! FOR THAT!

NIGHT COMES, AND THE BESIEGED RAILROAD MEN FIRE FLAMING ARROWS FROM MAKESHIFT BOWS.

THIS SHOULD START A PRAIRIE FIRE! THAT'LL KEEP THE INDIANS BUSY WHILE WE STEAL THE LACTIVE AND TENDER—IF THE REDSKINS HAVEN'T DISMANTLED THEM BY NOW!





WE'LL STOP IN



WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT! DIAMOND! APACHES NEVER ATTACK TILL DAYLIGHT!

YOU'RE WRONG, SUMPER! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK NOW! LOOK AT THE RAILROAD TRACKS! THEY'RE ALL RIPPED UP!



HERE THEY COME ... AND LOOK! IT'S JORGAN WITH CHIEF ARIKAREE!

GET THE DOORS OF THOSE FREIGHT CARS OPEN BUMPER!

WE'VE GOT 'EM CHIEF! WE'LL SMOKE EM **OUT WITH** FIRE

ARROWS AND THEN RIP THEM TO PIECES!



JORGAN, YOU FOOL! I... I DIDN'T EXPECT THEM TO THEY HAVE TRICKED BRING IN MOUNTED MEN! WE'RE US! NO MATCH FOR THEM! RUN





BUT ARIKAREE'S FATE WAS PRO-NDUNCED JUST AS SWIFTLY BY BLACK DIAMOND ...



EGASPE ... IF I CANNOT KILL YOU .. I CAN KILL MYSELF! I SHALL NOT SUFFER THE DISGRACE OF CAPTURE! EEEAAA!



THAT AFTERNOON, ON COFFIN ISLAND.

THE RAILS SHAL REMAIN TORN UP, CHIEF GREAT CROW! THE RAILROAD IS BUILDING ALONG AN-OTHER KULTE ONE WHICH WON'T INTER-FERE WITH YOUR PEOPLE!

THIS IS MORE JUSTICE THAN I DESERVE HONORED PALEFACE!

> NO, GREAT CROW! YOU WERE CONFUSED AND TRICKED BYEVIL MEN! LET COFFIN ISLAND BE THE SYM-BOL OF THE FUTILITY OF TERRORISM AND BANDITRY ON A WISE AND PEACE. FUL PEDPLE!





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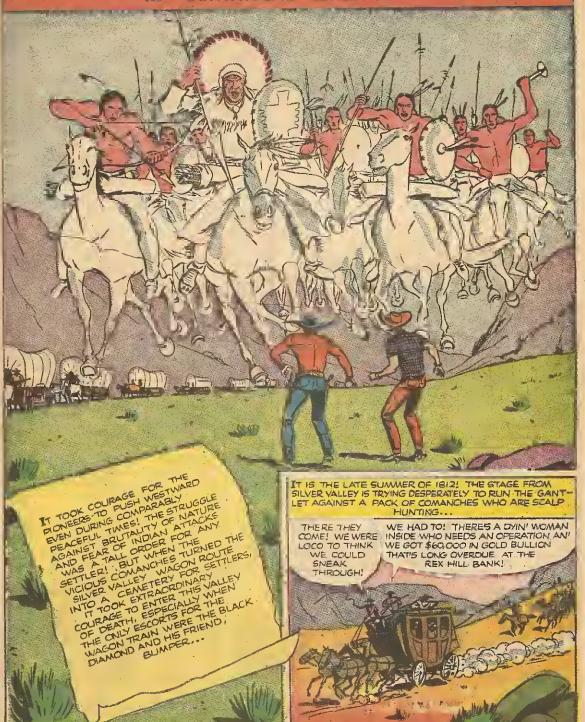
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HORSE LAUGE



BLACK DIAMOND

in "COMANCHE CEMETERY"





AG IF IN RESPONSE TO THE DRIVER'S GRIM PRAYERS TWO FIGURES APPEAR ON A RIDGE OVERLOOKING SILVER VALLEY

THERE'S THE COMANCHE BAND WE'VE BEEN LOOK-ING FOR, DIAMOND! THEY'RE ATTACKING THE STAGE COACH!

WE CAME TO TRY AND REASON WITH THOSE INCIANS, BUMPER, BUT GUNS ARE THE ONLY THING THEY'LL LISTEN TO NOW!









YOU WILL ONLY BRING THE WRATH OF THE GREAT WHITE FATHER UPON YOU! HE WILL SENO HIS SOLDIERS! THE COMMNCHES WILL REACH THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS SOONER

ANGRY! THAN THEY THINK! HE'S SNEAKING UP BEHIND US!

GREY PANTHER

ASKS TRIBUTE

FROM ALL WHO

TERRITORY, BUT

IGNORE ME! GREY

PAN'THER BECOMES

HIS

CROSS

YOU'RE ANGRY? NATURALLY! YOU ACT LIKE A BANDIT! THE VALLEY IS OPEN TO ALL, GREY NO BANDIT OR INDIAN OR PALE-FACE MAY CON-

BANDITS? THIS THE WAY TO WIN ME WITH ARGUMENT? THE ARGUMENT

SO NOW YOU

CALL 1.15

IS OVER! THE BLACK CLAMOND DIES!









HOURS LATER, AS THE STAGE APPROACHES REX HILL, GREY PANTHER IS RELEASED...

DID YOU I HAD TO RELEASE AN' THAT'S HIM, BUMPER! HAD JUST WHAT DO RIGHT WE MADE HIMOUR THEYRE GOIN TO DO THING PRISONER, HIS BRAVES WOULD WHEN HE LETTING THE OLD HAVE TAKEN THE GETS BACK!



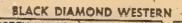
AT LEAST THIS WAY
THEY'RE BEING LED BY
A MURDERING OLD FOOL
WHO'LL MAKE MISTAKES!
THAT'S BETTER THAN
FORCING THEM TO
PICK A REALLY
SWART LEADER!

A REALLY
SWART CHIEF
WOULD FORGET ABOUT
MAGSACRES!

A REALLY
SWART LEADER!











THEY'RE OUR BONES, BLACK DIAMOND! AN' WE'LL DO WITH EM AS WE PLEASE! C'MON, MEN, WE WON'T GET TO CALIFORNIA BY TALKING ABOUT IT!

CKAY, YOU PIG-HEADED FOOLS! I'LL GUIDE YOU THROUGH SILVER VALLEY! NOT THAT YOU DESERVE IT! I'M THINKING OF THE WOMEN AND AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN! IT'S NOT HAVE NO BRAINE!





THANKS, PARDNER! IT'LL BE A MIGHTY HECTIC TRIP. WHAT WITH COMAN CHES ITCHING TO SCALP US AND THOSE GREEN-HORNS IMPERILING US

WITH THEIR STUBBORNNESS! THEN, AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES THROUGH THE GRIM TOWN, THE DRIVERS OF ONE WAGON DISCUSS THEIR OWN SITUATION...

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T GO ALONG NOW THAT BLACK DIAMOND'S PLAYIN' NURSE-MAID TO THE TRAIN! IF HE SPOTS US, OUR LIVES AIN'T WORTH TWO CENTS, BOUDREAU! AN' HOW CAN WE ROB

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! SMARTED NICK BOUDREAU! OUR SCHEME IS FOOLPROOF!



THAT'S RIGHT, BOUDREAU! IF THE BLACK DIAMOND GETS TOD CURIOUS, THE FIRST TIME HE TURNS HIS BACK WELL GET 'IM! HE'LL NEVER GUESS

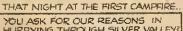
BESIDES, THE STUPID TENOERFEET IN THIS TRAIN WILL PLAY INTO OUR HANDS! THEY'LL SLUMP WHICHEVER WAY I PUSH 'EM! THAT RECKLESSNESS IS JUST AN ACT! THEY'RE











YOU A5K FOR OUR REASONS IN HURRYING THROUGH SILVER VALLEY! OKAY BLACK DIAMOND! THERE'S A LAND RUN COMING OFF IN TWO WEEKS IN THE DANOTTEE VALLEY! THE GOVERNMENT'S GIVIN' AWAY LAND! FIRST COME, 50 THATS FIRST SERVED! IT!



WE GAVE UP EVERY THING WE HAD IN THE EAST TO MAKE
THIS TRIP! WE'RE NOT
THROWIN' AWAY THE
CHANCE OF A LIFE! TIME JUST BECAUSE SOME INJUNS TOOK



UNDER-

STAND!

WE'LL GET

MEANWHILE, AS THE SNAKE OIL PRO-FESSOR LOOKS OVER HIS PROSPECTS

AFTER OUR FIRST WELL, THE BRUSH WITH THE AN! WAITIN! THE RICHEST ONES WITH MOST TO LOSE TO BE TAKEN! WHEN .DO WE MAKE WILLSTART BALKING AND ILL BE THE FIRST TO ADVISE 'EM TO TURN BACK, GET ME? BOUDREAU?



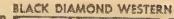
SURE, I GOT YA! NICK BOUDREAU-THAT SOFT-HEARTED HOMBRE WHO HATES TO SEE ALL THAT GOLD SILK, AND FAMILY HEIRLOOMS FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE

THAT'S ME, PETE! NOW GO FEED THOSE HUNGRY WOLVES INSIDE THE. WAGON BEFORE THEY TURN ON DNE ANOTHER!
I WANT 'EM AT THE SETTLERS' THROATS, NOT























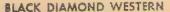


COME ON! WHY JUMPING CACTUS!
SHOULD WE LOOK AT WHAT'S
ROAST ALIVE
FOR NICK
BOUDREAU! DREAU'S WAGON!
BOUDREAU! THEY CAN'T ALL BE
SNAKE OIL SALESMEN!

MINUTES LATER, DURING A LULL IN THE FIGHTING ...

NO, IT'S TOO

WE WERE WRONG,
BLACK DIAMOND!
WE CAN'T LICK
THESE INJUNS! IF
WE PUSH ON,
THEY'LL MASSACRE
US! WE'RE TURNING BACK!
ONLY THING
IS TO STICK
TOGETHER!





AND AS BUMPER TELLS BLACK DIAMOND WHAT AN INDIAN FIRE-



AT THE SAME TIME, NEAR THE SNAKE

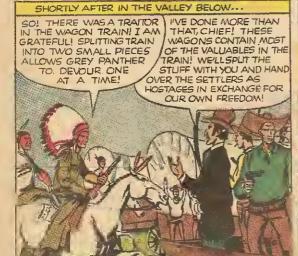


DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON ALREADY TERRIFIED SETTLERS! BOUDREAUS PLAN WAS WORKING LIKE A CHARM ... WAS WORKING LIKE



BOUDREAU WAS RIGHT! THE WAGON TRAIN SUFFERED A TRAGIC LOSS









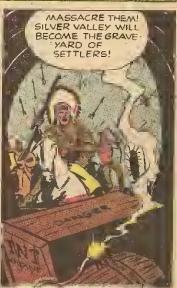
THE FRIGHTENED LITTLE HOSTAGE FLEW TO BLACK DIAMOND. NICE GUY! GREY IT'S JUST A TRICK TO MASSACRE ALL PANTHER WANTS US TO SURRENDER HAVE IN THESE WAGONS AREJUST OR THE SETTLERS HE CAPTURED WILL BE BUTCH-CHERED! DOES HE ACTUALLY THINK WE TRUST TOOLS, BLASTING HOME FURNISHINGS

I HAVE A PLAN BUT THE ONLY THING THAT CAN MAKE IT WORK IS GREY PANTHERS QUICKLY! GET OUT POWDER!













MINUTES LATER, AS THE FEW COMANCHE SURVIVORS FLEE TO THE HILLS ...

THEY'RE GONE NOW! WITH GREY PANTHER PALEFACE AND RED DEAD, THE POWER SKIN BANDITS ALIKE OF THE COMANCHE THEY'LL BE FEWER WAGONS BUT MORE SETTLERS TO RIDE IN SILVER VALLEYIS BROKEN! THE VALLEY OF DEATH IS ATHING OF THE PAST! WAGON WHEELS WESTWARD THEM! WILL NEVER BE BUMPER! THE END

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The Mysterious Santo

ONY McKAY, fresh from the eastern seaboard, didn't know a ranch from a truck garden, a brood mare from a stallion or an Angus from a Holstein. Undaunted, aside from acute soreness from the long ride, he loped along the rutted road with a feeling of pride. His recent inheritance had put him on top of the world and the proposed acquisition of the Buck Horn ranch would be another feather in his cap. The Buck Horn ranch, Tony had heard from reliable sources, was the best buy in the county. The only reason Condon was selling was that he was old and didn't want the responsibility any longer. Before long, Tony thought, Tony McKay would be the richest man in this section of the west.

Tony had heard that there was one provision, one hitch, to the sale of the ranch; Santo was to remain on the place. Now, Tony had heard about Santo but he never could get any information as to who or what he was. Tony had finally concluded that this was nothing to worry about as Santo was probably a horse, some kind of a pet, a dog, maybe. Of course, Condon would wish any such animal to continue to have a boune.

Tony rode on and on. As the miles fell behind he got stiffer and more uncomfortable. Finally in the dim distance over the range he spotted the ranch buildings.

Reaching his destination, the saddle having rubbed his legs raw, he stumbled off his horse and almost collapsed — his kuees wouldn't hold him. Concentrating so hard on trying to get off the horse, then trying to get to the ranch house, Tony had scarcely been able to notice his surroundings. As

Tony fell off his horse, he heard a quiet voice remark, "Ever been on a horse before, Sonny?"

Infuriated, Tony looked up and saw, seated on the steps of the porch, the most disreputable looking character he'd ever seen. He was an old man with a swarthy wrinkled face from which his eyes seemed scarcely able to peer between the wrinkles. His hair was white, or would have been if it had been clean, and it looked as though it hadn't been cut for the past five years. The old gent was dressed in what once must have been buckskin but it was shiny with wear, age and an accumulation of dirt.

Tony gathered himself together, brushed himself off, ignored the remark and stumbled to the front door.

"Bad day. Storm's brewin'," quietly said the old man.

Again Tony ignored him, but curiosity led him to gaze at the cloudless blue sky and wonder why he would say such a thing. Then Tony finally spoke to the old man. "Is Mr. Condon here?"

"At the corral," indicated the old man.

Tony went around the house and back to the corral where he found Mr. Condon sitting on the rail. "Good morning, sir," greeted Tony.

"Well, Mr. McKay. You're here in good time to have a ride around the ranch before dinner," answered Mr. Condon cheerily.

Tony groaned at the prospect of mounting a horse again, "Er - ah - yes, sir. I guess you're right."

"Better saddle up a couple of my horses, yours must be tired after the trip out,"

cheerfully continued Mr. Condon while Tony wished he'd think less of the poor horses and more about poor Tony.

Tony somehow successfully mounted his horse and managed to stay astride as the two rode over parts of the vast area of the ranch. Mr. Condon talked continuously of the merits of the place and Tony could see that he was getting a good buy. "Best wheat land this side of the mountains," Mr. Condon said. "Get two crops a year. Mighty good grazing over here — fattest herd in the county."

Storm clouds began to gather as they rode hack to the ranch house. Tony was now convinced that this was the place for him and he was anxious to close the deal. "Tell me, Mr. Condon, what is this provision about Santo?" he gueried.

"I just want to he sure Santo has a home for the rest of his life," answered Mr. Condon casually.

"But, who is Santo?" asked Tony.

"Ob, I thought you knew," said Mr. Condon. "You must have met Santo!"

"Don't know that I have," answered Tony. "Well, if you haven't, you must," continued Mr. Condon. "He's the old man . . ."

"WHAT?" interrupted Tony. "You mean that old man out in front?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Condon in surprise. The conversation was interrupted by a sudden cloudhurst. Rain fell in sheets and the two galloped hack to the ranch. Soaked to the skin, they entered the house for dinner.

All the hands were present for the midday dinner, including Santo, unwashed and silent. Tony watched in disgust as Santo ate his dinner with relish and without much assistance from knife and fork. As Tony watched he thought he would not have such a person on the ranch. Even if the provision was in the sale, be just would not have it. Santo apparently did nothing but slouch on the porch, come in for meals and make a pig of himself. Then he would make himself perfectly at home, as he was doing now, shoes off, warming his feet in front of the fire. He didn't speak except on occasion when he muttered something which, Tony noticed. Condon seemed never to miss. Tony made little sense out of his monosyllabic mutterings; "Hole in the fence." then, "River's runnin' high."

Tony controlled himself in front of Condon figuring it was better to say no more ahout Santo until the deal was closed, Tony knew that after the ranch was his he could

do very much as he pleased.

The storm over, Tony started the ride hack to town. As he rode along the vast stretches of the Buck Horn ranch be looked

at it with pride. He waved cheerfully at one of the ranch hands who was putting a new post in the fence, the other had apparently heen struck by lightning. Fording the river was the only hazardous event on his trip to town. The muddy little creek had risen to monstrous proportions.

As owner of the Buck Horn ranch Tony's first project, if he must keep Santo, was to try to clean him up. The only response he got was slight muttering from Santo, "Been there so long, might get cold. Be lost with-

Infuriated at this insubordination Tony was determined to put Santo to work. "I'm too old to work," Santo said with finality as he returned to the porch. He still continued to eat a lion's share of food and kept on muttering incoherently. Tony never listened consciously to Santo but heard vague mention of the weather, the cattle, the crops and the land. Chalking it up to the meandering mind of an old man, Tony continued his ranching career.

One day one of the hands spoke confidentially to Tony and said, "Mr. McKay, Santo knows everything, somehow. Maybe you oughtta listen to him. Mr. Condon always did."

Tony laughed it off but then, strangely, that night he remembered his first day at the ranch. Santo had said, "storm's brewin'" and it had poured! And he'd mentioned something about a hole in the fence. Tony remembered seeing the rancher mending the fence. Later he'd said something about the river running high and Tony rememhered the difficulty he'd had fording the river.

The next day, much against his will, Tony paid heed to Santo's mutterings. "Blight in the far field," muttered Santo as he removed his shoes. Wanting to discount this information, Tony rode to the far field. The blight had started! Calling it to the attention of the hands, it was stopped before it ravaged the

Tony hegan to look at Santo with a different point of view. Still not willing to give in, Tony, quietly and under cover, followed Santo's indications. Santo proved 100% right! Santo seemed to know instinctively the condition of the cattle, the range, the fields, the fences, the weather.

Finally conceding the point and with a quick about-face, Tony grasped Santo by the hand and said, "I guess I'm just a greenhorn, Santo, and it takes a long time to learn."

"Knew you'd come around, Sonny," muttered Santo.

THE END



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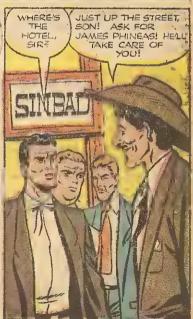
THE TRAIL FROM SINBAD TO THE MAXWELL CLAIM WAS TREACHEROUS! HIGH CLIFFS, ROCKY LEDGES AND MOUNTAIN STREAMS SWOLLEN BY SLEETING SNOWS MADE THE TRIP HAZARDOUS! TOM MORGANS MEN, DRIVING A MULE TRAIN LOADED WITH GOLD, UNDERTOOK THE TRIP NOT KNOWING WHAT UNTOLD, UNFORESEEN AND UNSUSPECTED DANGER AWAITED...



CRPHANED AS A BOY, AND GRATEFUL TO RONALD MAXWELL, HIS BENEFACTOR, TOM MORGAN WITH HIS PALS, JACK, WARREN AND BILL BARBER GO WEST TO ATTEMPT TO HALL OUT THE GOLD FROM THE MAXWELL LODE...







JAMES PHINEAS, THE OWNER OF SINBAD HOTEL, WAS MORE THAN HELPFUL! HE LODGED THE STRAN-GERS, ADVISED THEM AND HELPED THEM TO ROUND UP MULES, SUP-PLIES AND EXTRA MEN!

I JUST WHITTLE THE HOURS AWAY! KEEPS ME OUT OF THE SALOONS AND YOU'RE A REAL ARTIST WITH THAT KNIFE PHINEAS! OUT OF TROUBLE!

THE NEXT MORNING ...

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH PHINEAS, THANKS TO YOUR HELP... WE'LL BE SHOV-ING OFF RIGHT AWAY! I GUESS WE'LL BE GONE A FEW MONTHS

TEEN MULES MEN WILL DO CONNOR AND ROCKY ARE 4 GOOD LUCK!

I HOPE FIF AND MY THREE THE TRICK! ACE

THE HAZAROOUS TRIP TO THE MAXWELL CLAIM WAS MADE IN A WEEK! THE SURVEYORS MAP PROVED ACCURATE! THIS IS AND IF IT'S NEAR THE PLACE! LET'S HOPE THE GOLD THE SURFACE, LIKE THE SURVEYOR SAID, IT SHOULD BE EASY TO FIND! WE'LL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S IS HERE .. SLEEP AND START LODKING FIRST THING IN THE MORN ING!

THEY FOUND THE LODE, WHICH CONTAINED MORE THAN THEY ANTICIPATED! AND THREE MONTHS LATER, TOM AND HIS FRIENDS HAD DEVELOPED AND WORKED IT, AND WERE READY TO HAUL IT OUT!

ME'LL NEED FIVE MORE MULES TO PACK THIS ORE UNLESS WE MAKE TWO TRIPS! I'LL GO BACK TO SINBAD AND GET THEM ... WITH ALL THIS GOLD, OUR AND TRAVELING ALONE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE IT IN A WEEK!

JACK WAS RIGHT! HE WAS BACK IN A WEEK WITH THE MULES AND TWO EXTRA DRIVERS, SLIM AND MONK!



WITH THE MULES LOADED TO CAPACITY WITH GOLD ORE, THE PARTY STARTED ON THE LONG TRAIL TO SINBAD!

I HATE TO SEE YOU RISK IT, BUT OKAY. AND WATCH OUT FOR THOSE SIOUX!











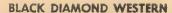




YOU GOT THE ONE OF 'EM GOT CHIEF, TOM! THE REST SCOOTED LIKE RABBITS BILL! HE'S IN BAD SHAPE, JACK! WELL HAVE TO WHEN THAT RIG UP A HAPPENED! STRETCHER!



HEY, TOM! MONK AND ROCKY AND CONNOR-CHECK SLIM ARE DOWN THERE! THEY FELL WHERE THE MULES DID BUT HE ON MONK AND SLIM! GO DOWN BY ROPE IF NECES-LANDED ON A THEY SARY! IF THEY'RE LOOK DEAD! ALIVE WE'LL HAVE TO GET THEM OUT! IN PAIN SHOOT THEM!





MEANWHILE, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER ARE NEABY CHECK-ING OUTLYING GOLD CLAIMS! STEADY:\ SOMETHING MUST

STEADY, SOMETHING MUST BOY! BE WRONG, OR WHAT'S RELIAPON WOULDN'T ACT LIKE THAT!















BLACK DIAMOND SOON FOUND OUT WHAT THE MULE-PACK CONTAINED...



LEADING THEIR BOUND PRISONERS WHO FOLLOW ON FOOT BEHIND THEM, DIAMOND AND BUMPER CONTINUE ALONG THE SAME TRAIL...





MEANWHILE, TOM MORGAN AND HIS MULE TEAM TRAIN ARE FACING AND OTHER OBSTACLE ON THE TRAIL TO SINBAD... A TORRENTIAL STREAM SWOLLEN BY THE MELTED SNOW OF A LONG WINTER...

YELL WHEN YOU'VE SECURED YOU'R END OF THE ROPE TO THE TREE ON THE OTHER SIDE, TOWN THEN I'LL HITCH ALL THE MULES UP ON THIS SIDE!







BUT ON THE OPPOSITE RIVER BANK, TOWS FRIENDS ARE HAVING THEIR DOUBTS...











MEANWHILE, TOM MORGAN, WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH BY THROWING HIMGELF FLAT ON THE GROUND, HAS COME TO SOON ENOUGH TO SEE WHAT WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL THE TREACHERY...

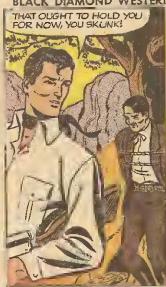




TOW'S WELL PLACED GOLD NUGGET KNOCKS PHINEAS OUT!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



MEANWHILE, BLACK DIAMOND, ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE, WAS TAKING MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS...

































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